

## [\*\*Adorable Aggression\*\* by \*\*orphan\\_account\*\*](#)

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**Summary:**

Mess with her Eggos or her Mike—then face the wrath of Eleven.

## 1. Breakfast For Lunch

### Author's Note:

Before everything else: this was inspired by a Harry Potter fanfic called "Adorable Violence" by Cloud Zen.

"Would you care to explain what just happened?" Mike asked, his arms crossed.

They were currently in an empty alley, as Mike had pulled them both out of the restaurant they were supposed to be eating in. In their wake, was a trail of maple syrup that seemed to emanate from Mike's syrup-soaked shirt.

Eleven looked down, avoiding his gaze. "I—uhm..." she stammered, not *really* wanting to admit it, despite the prospects being as clear as day.

"Well?" Mike pressed on.

*A few moments earlier...*

"So, what do you wanna eat?" Mike asked her, squinting his eyes as he looked at restaurant's menu.

It was just after school, and all the parents were cooped up in some adult-related seminar in the Hawkins High School auditorium. The kids were left to fend for themselves for the next two hours or so. Lucas, Will, Dustin, and Max has decided to spend the time in the arcade, but Eleven had insisted that they eat something first before joining them.

Of course, Mike agreed. He couldn't say no to her, after all.

Eleven's lips pursed at his question, her brows crinkling in deep thought, before she answered, "Eggos."

Mike looked up from the menu, looking at her incredulously for a moment, but then he shook his head and shrugged. "Right, didn't

have to ask you to know that.” A small smile made its way to his face.

She beamed, smiling back at him.

“Give me a few more moments to, uh, decide,” he said, shifting his eyes to look in the menu again.

Eleven turned her head to look out the window, taking in the view of a regular day in Hawkins. It never ceased to amaze her just how *bright* the town was. Even when something incredibly mundane was happening—like someone walking a dog—she watched with rapt attention.

“Maybe I’ll get the chicken & waffles...” she heard Mike mumble. She turned back to face him, and he nodded to himself. “Yeah, that’ll do.”

He raised his hand to call the attention of a waiter hovering nearby.

“What do you want?” the waiter asked, chewing gum. He looked bored and very irritated.

“Uh, an order of waffles—*Eggos*—and an order of chicken & waffles,” he answered, not really minding the waiter’s irritable state.

The waiter only nodded, not bothering to answer, as he scrawled down their order on the pad he was holding. “Waffles and chicken & waffles,” he repeated. Mike nodded. “Right, okay.” He tucked the pad in his packet and walked away.

After a few moments, Mike turned to Eleven. “What did you do today?”

“TV,” she answered, a smile curving her lips. “Annie and Tony have con-sum-mated their marriage.” Her smile grew wider when she succeeded in telling the rather complicated word. She still struggled with big words, but she was improving.

Mike blinked, knowing what that means, but figuring she didn’t *really* know what it means, so he just decided to play along. That was, anyway, a talk for another time.

“It amazes me how you manage to watch those shows,” he said, chuckling.

“It’s... nice,” she argued, albeit mockingly. She smirked. “Better than Star Wars.”

Mike gasped. “Hey!”

Eleven laughed at his expression, which suddenly contorted into a look of blatant shock and disbelief at her statement. She liked to occasionally tease Star Wars to see his reaction. It made her feel fuzzy and warm.

“Take that back!” he yelled in mild offense.

She laughed again, instinctively raising her arm to run her hand over his cheeks. “Okay,” she said, smiling. She couldn’t *but* smile.

Mike’s face went from shock to flustered as soon as her hand touched his face. She always did that whenever she teased him.

In a moment of sheer boldness, she pinched his cheek—which she immediately regretted, withdrawing her hand and tucking her arms back to her sides. She looked down, avoiding his gaze, and stammered, “S-Sorry...” with a voice laced with shame.

He stared at her for a moment as he felt a blush crawl up his face. His hand made its way to where she pinched him. “El,” he said calmly, getting her attention.

“Y-Yes?” she responded, peering up at him shyly.

He couldn’t control the smile that made its way to his face. “Why’d you do that?”

“Uhm...” she trailed off.

Mike raised his brows expectantly. “Well?”

She bit her lip, hesitating, before she mumbled out a word so quietly that Mike didn’t hear.

“What was that?”

“Pretty,” she blurted out, clearer.

Mike stared at her, stunned. He opened his mouth, before closing it again, like a fish.

“You’re pretty,” she repeated, more determined.

Mike blinked, his face turning red—Eleven was once again overwhelmed with the need to pinch his cheeks—before he stammered, “Oh—uh—well, yeah, I guess a boy could be pretty, too.” He smiled at her. He then raised his hand to lightly pinch her cheek. “But you’re a lot prettier than me.”

It was now Eleven who was blushing.

Then their food arrived, knocking them both out of their shared reverie.

“Alright, here’s the chicken & waffles—” the waiter placed a plate in front of Mike “—and an order of waffles.”

El’s plate of waffles landed with a thud in front of her, and she reached over the bottle of maple syrup at the end of their table. She found it rather enlightening that maple syrup seemed like a staple in this restaurant, as every table had a bottle of it, beside the ketchup.

“That’ll be twelve bucks,” the waiter said, facing Mike. “With tip, of course.”

Eleven’s nose crinkled. “After?” she asked the waiter.

The waiter turned towards her. “Sorry, madame, my shift ends in ten minutes and I need to bill at least twenty-five tables before it ends,” he said.

Mike shrugged and handed him the money. The waiter sauntered off.

“Dig in,” Mike declared, already starting to slice into his chicken.

Eleven was already about to pour in the maple syrup onto her plate,

when she abruptly stopped.

Her right brow twitched.

Mike, noticing that Eleven had not started eating, looked up at her curiously. “What?” he asked. She didn’t move to respond, only stared at her plate with a look that seemed like it had spewed something worse than offensive at her (and it probably did).

Mike sighed, leaning over to look at whatever was on her plate—and he stopped.

The waffles were square.

Now, there isn’t anything *wrong* with square waffles. In essence, whatever shape it may be, waffles would remain a well-loved breakfast food. Except for Eleven. Definitely. For her, it was *Eggo waffles* that reigned over all breakfast food—or all food, for that matter, and any defiance towards it would only bring terror—*and Eggos didn’t come in square*.

“*Mike*,” hissed Eleven, finally looking up from her plate. She slammed the bottle of maple syrup onto the table—which made Mike gulp, pulling it closer to his side of the table as to avoid any further damage towards it.

“Yes, yes, I know,” said Mike, already raising his hand to call a waiter.

Soon enough, a waiter sauntered over their table. He was a different waiter, and he seemed a lot more cheerful than the other guy. “How can I help?” he asked.

“Well, we ordered *Eggo waffles*,” he said, pointing over at Eleven’s plate, “and these aren’t Eggos...”

The waiter raised a brow. “Oh,” was all he said. He grabbed the plate from the table. “I’ll see what I can do.”

The waiter walked off with the plate, leaned towards the kitchen window, said some stuff, walked over to the cashier, said some more stuff, and finally returned to Mike and Eleven’s table, still holding the

same plate of offending waffles.

“Hey,” the waiter greeted them. “I’m sorry, but it seems we can’t issue a replacement once the bill’s been paid.”

“What?” asked Mike, incredulous. “But the last waiter who made us pay early.”

“You can make an additional—”

“But the last waiter made me pay a huge tip!”

Eleven was seething by now, denied of her Eggos. Her hands gripped the edges of the table, her knuckles already turning white from the force. She sneered at the innocent waiter that was talking with Mike.

“I’m really sorry, sir...”

“Come on, it hasn’t been touched.”

“I’m only following policy—”

The whole restaurant seemed to shake, the tables and chair swaying. The waiter yelped and held onto their table for balance. Then, as fast as it began, each bottle of maple syrup on each table exploded. Mike, being relatively close to the bottle on their table, was effectively soaked with the stuff.

“Holy shit!” cussed the waiter, bewildered, whipping his head around to scan the restaurant.

“Excuse me,” said Mike, abruptly standing up and pulling Eleven with her arms.

And that is when they found themselves in the alley, with Mike towering over Eleven, a syrup soaked shirt, arms crossed, and looking down at her admonishingly.

“Well?” Mike pressed on.

Eleven continued to stare down at her toes, making no noise.

Mike sighed, bringing his hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose. “Eleven,” he said.

She peered up at him shyly—for the second time that day already, and Mike couldn’t help but find her so damn *adorable* despite himself... but he had to restrain himself.

“Yes?” she asked timidly, her voice a little shameful.

“I’m only going to ask you *one question*,” he said carefully, “and you only have to answer with a yes or a no.”

She nodded, albeit regretfully.

“Did you make *all* the bottles of maple syrup explode because of Eggos?”

She was quiet for a while, as if weighing down her limited options, before she ultimately answered, “Yes.”

Mike sucked in a breath, and held it for a few seconds, before he exhaled (which sounded more like an exasperated sigh). His shoulders visibly slackened, until his arms were resting at his sides.

He looked at Eleven and sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose again. “Alright,” he said, accepting her answer.

She snapped her head up at him, shell-shocked. “You...” she started, “not... mad?”

“Nah,” he said, waving it off. “I mean, well, we really gotta start dealing with your, uh, tendencies... but I’m just really hungry right now.”

She beamed up at him.

“Whenever someone asks, we could just tell them it was an earthquake or something,” he said. “No one’s gonna suspect a thing.”

Eleven nodded. She was only glad that Mike wasn’t mad.

“Come on,” he beckoned, pulling his arms up around her shoulders.

She really didn't care if he got maple syrup on her. She liked maple syrup. "Let's go over my place, I think we have some Eggos."

Eleven only smiled in response, already beginning to walk.

## 2. A Thanksgiving Crisis

Eleven was making her way to the Wheeler's house one Wednesday morning.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the boys were already in what they called their *Thanksgiving Break* which meant that they didn't have classes for the rest of the week—which also meant Eleven could go hang out with Mike the whole day.

Lucas, Will, Dustin, and Max, who were taking advantage of their break, has decided to sleep in. Eleven, however, took advantage of their break in a different way. She took it upon herself to see Mike as much as possible, going to his house as early as she could, even if it meant that she had to wake him up herself.

Mike never complained, though.

So, here was Eleven, already in front of the Wheeler's house.

A smile subconsciously made its way to her face as she knocked on the door three times.

...

But there had been no answer.

Frowning now, she knocked again.

*“Eleven?”* she heard Mike yell from inside. *“If that’s you, you can come ahead inside!”*

She didn't need to be told twice. Focusing on the knob, she imagined its inner workings, and willed for the door to unlock. An audible click resonated from the door, and she happily skipped inside, shutting the door behind her.

“Mike?” she called out, seeing the living room devoid of anyone else.

She heard a light sniffle. Her brows crinkled.

“Mike?” she called out again.

She heard someone suck in a breath, then Mike walked in the living room, wiping his eyes. “Hey, El,” he said in a somewhat sullen voice. “I was just chopping some onions.”

Eleven frowned, noticing that something was wrong.

Mike continued talking, not noticing Eleven’s frown. “Mom had some business to attend to today, and tomorrow morning, so she had me chop some vegetables to lighten up her load for Thanksgiving dinner.” He once again sniffled, wiping his eyes with the sleeves of his sweater.

Her frown deepened.

Mike turned around to head back into the kitchen. “I’ll just clean up, then we can go watch a movie in the basement, alright?” he said, his head slightly turned to look at her. “You can go ahead there and put in any movie you want.”

Eleven watched him retreat into the kitchen, a frown still on her face. She didn’t move an inch, so when Mike came back to see her still on the same spot, his brows crinkled, and he asked, “Is there anything wrong?”

Eleven nodded, crestfallen.

“What is it?”

Pursing her lips, she answered, “You’re sad.”

Mike was taken aback. “What?”

She pointed up at his face. “Crying.”

“Wha—” he began, then stopped, realization dawning on him. “Oh... it’s the onions.”

Eleven frowned at him again.

“The onions—it makes me cry,” he explained further, then smiled at

her. His eyes were still a little puffy. “It’s okay.”

Eleven didn’t think it was okay, but Mike thought the dilemma was over, and brought his arm up to put around her. They walked together to the basement.

As they were watching *Star Wars*, with Eleven cuddled up on Mike’s side, and his arm around her, she still couldn’t help but frown. Mike was too engrossed in the film to notice, as he always was when any *Star Wars* film was showing.

Mike leaned over to whisper some random fact in her ear, and she played along with his excitement, but she just couldn’t forget Mike’s face with his eyes all puffy and his voice all sad and sullen.

So, when the time came that she had to go home, she set herself on a mission.

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It was Thanksgiving morning, but Hawkins was in a crisis.

Lucas had been woken up early by his mother, much to his irritation, to go next door to the Wheeler’s house.

“Maybe it was a robbery.”

“I don’t know,” Lucas told Mike, “but she said the clerk seemed a little spooked.”

Mike looked up at him, momentarily stopping from his task of dividing up the chopped onions to give the other half to Lucas.

“The manager *swore* that they ordered, like, three times more of everything than usual for Thanksgiving,” Lucas continued, “but when they opened up this morning... all the onions were gone, but everything else was still there.”

Mike looked at him like he was crazy. “What the hell?”

“I *know!*” Lucas looked at him incredulously. “It’s some kinda *conspiracy...*”

“Really? Out of all the things someone could conspire about, they decide on *onions*?”

“Whoever did it must’ve had a reason.”

“They’re *onions*, Lucas—”

“I know that!”

Mike, again, gave him a funny look and continued dividing up the chopped onion. He really didn’t want to give too much talk on the onion conspiracy. He’s had enough conspiracies to last a lifetime.

“How come *you* have onions?” Lucas asked suddenly.

Mike abruptly set the container of chopped onions down on the table and let out a frustrated sigh. “What are you on about, now?”

“I’m just saying, everyone else doesn’t, but *you* do.”

“My mom bought them yesterday!”

“Look, man, it’s just a little sketchy.”

“How is that sketchy?”

Lucas shrugged, then continued, “Well, having a girlfriend with superpowers could definitely have its perks.”

“What?”

“Tell me, when did you last see Eleven?”

“Yester—” Mike’s eyes grew wide. “Oh, god...”

Lucas cheered. “Ha!” he yelled out, bringing his hands up in the air in triumph. “And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how you solve a mystery.” He grabbed the half-full container of chopped onions from Mike’s hands and shot him a grin. “I’ll see you later, dude. Thanks for the onions.” He winked at him, then exited the house.

As soon as Lucas was out of the house, Mike rushed to his room to put some sneakers on.

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Eleven woke up to incessant knocking on her door. She had stayed up late the previous night, and therefore did not visit Mike as early as she usually did. Groggily, she stood up and regretfully opened it, only to be greeted by Mike's admonishing look.

Suddenly fully awake, she stood there, staring at him. They looked at each other silently for a few moments.

"Good morning," she finally said, breaking the silence.

"Good morning to you, too," he said flatly.

"Mi—"

"Is there anything you wanna tell me?"

A blush crept up Eleven's face, and she tried to hide it by looking away. "N-No," she stammered out. She had always been terrible at lying.

"Oh, really?" Mike pressed on, taking a step closer to her.

"Yes," she insisted, avoiding his eyes.

"Then why aren't you looking at me?"

The blush on Eleven's face was now on full force, as she could literally feel the heat radiating from her. "I—" she stammered, digging around her brain for a possible reason, "—I don't want to."

She mentally berated herself because, seriously, when did she *not* want to look at Mike? But she must not get caught.

"Yes," she declared, more determined this time, "I don't want to look at you." As she said that, she looked straight at his face.

Mike blinked, looking right at her. "But you're—" he began, but shook his head, trying to stay on the subject at hand. He shifted back to his admonishing look, then said, "El, I'm serious."

Eleven bit her bottom lip, then her face suddenly contorted to look mad. “But they were making you sad.”

“What—”

“You were *crying*.”

Mike looked at her, dumbfounded. “They’re *just* onions.”

“They made you *sad*!” A weird rumbling sound came from her closet, and Mike almost jumped.

Trying to calm her down, Mike brought a hand up to rest on her shoulder, while his other hand rested on her cheek. “I wasn’t sad,” he tried to explain calmly. “It’s just a thing with onions. They have this chemical that irritates your eyes, and it makes you kinda tear up.”

Eleven gave him a final glare, then her expressions softened. “Okay,” she said, accepting his explanation.

She stepped away from Mike then walked over to her closet, whipping the door open. Dozens and dozens of onions tumbled out. A single onion rolled its way to Mike’s foot, and he stared at it, stunned.

“And this is—” Mike started.

“All.”

Mike nodded slowly, trying to comprehend the number of onions that was previously stored in her closet. He looked over at Eleven, who was starting to turn red in shame, the ridiculousness of the situation finally dawning on her. “You really are something,” he tried to comfort her.

She didn’t budge, and only stared at the onions on the floor.

“Hey,” he said, trying to get her attention.

She looked up at him, frowning. “Are you mad?”

“I’m not mad!” he quickly said. “This is gonna make a good Thanksgiving story next year.” He tried to laugh, but stopped when

he saw that his joke didn't cheer her up.

He walked over to her, carefully avoiding the many onions on the floor, and cupped her face in his hands. "Hey," he said. She looked up at him. "You did it because you thought it made me sad. It was pretty... sweet."

Her face contorted angrily. "You're stupid," she said, glaring at him.

"What?"

"You should have told me."

"Told you what?"

"That you weren't sad."

"I..." Mike trailed off, dumbfounded. "I didn't, did I?"

"No."

He sighed, then moved to wrap his arms around her. "Alright, I'm sorry that I didn't clarify that I wasn't actually sad."

Eleven huffed against his chest.

"But we really *do* need to do something about your... tendencies," he said matter-of-factly, putting her at arm's length.

Eleven rolled her eyes, but nodded.

"Alright, but first we need to give back all these onions." He looked around the several onions scattered around the room's floor. "How *did* you manage to bring them all back here without Hopper noticing?"

Eleven smirked, and Mike looked back at her with a dumb but curious expression, which slowly turned into a smile. He laughed.

"You amaze me," he said. "Did you know that?"

"Yes."